ONE THING IS CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT

Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures
Diarrhœa, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, etc., etc.

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Beware of imitations. Buy only the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere; large bottles, 25c.

THE PASSING SAINT.

As to-night you come your way,
Bearing earthward heavenly joy,
Tell me, O dear Saint, I pray,
Did you see my little boy?
By some fairer voice beguiled,
Once he wandered from my sight;
He is such a little child,
He should have my love this night.

It has been so many a year,—
Oh, so many a year since then!
Yet he was so very dear,
Surely he will come again.
If upon your way you see
One whose beauty is divine,
Will you send him back to me?
He is lost and he is mine.

Tell him that his little chair
Nestles where the sunbeams meet,
That the shoes he used to wear
Yearn to kiss his dimpled feet.
Tell him of each pretty toy
That was wont to share his glee;
Maybe that will bring my boy
Back to them and back to me.

O dear saint, as on you go
Through the glad and sparkling frost,
Bid those bells ring high and low
For a little child that's lost!
O dear Saint, that blessest men
With the grace of Christmas joy,
Soothe this heart with love again—
Give me back my little boy!

—Eugene Field.

THE THREE KINGS.

(A tradition prevailed throughout the East that a child would be born in Judea who should become the King of the Jews, and was to be worshipped as divine. The visit of the three Kings to the cradle of Jesus was in response to the admonition of this tradition. The 6th of January is kept in commemoration.)

(By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.)

Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys,
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbellows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen His star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet;
The gold was their tribute to a King;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city's gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

Roman News.

(Correspondence N. Y. Freeman's Journal, December 20.

In the midst of rejoicicings peculiar to the coming Christmas festivities, death has come among us and snatched away one of the most prominent figures in the College of Cardinals: Paul, Cardinal Melchers, formerly Archbishop of Cologne, has passed away to that country where the venom of the Kulturkampf can no more reach him. Of the late Cardinal, one can hardly speak without recalling some of the stormiest days of the Kulturkampf in Germany. He died at the venerable age of 83, a great part of which was spent in doing battle physically and mentally for the Mother Church. How well all this has been known here is no secret, for there have been those around his bier lately who have publicly acknowledged him to have been the victor over that stern, unbending form of the Iron Chancellor himself. He was born in Muenster, in 1812, and was from boyhood a German of the Germans, and a watchful guardian of public liberty. Though originally intended for the law, yet God disposed of him in His own way, and so led him to the Church, of which he has been an ornament ever since. He studied theology under the late Dr. Doellinger, whose fall, in after years, from the Church, he more than once regretted. His opposition to the Falc Laws, and his subsequent exile, are all well-known matters of history, leading up to his resignation of the See of Cologne, at the request of His Holiness Leo XIII., who subsequently conferred the red hat upon him, with the title of St. Stephen of the Coelian Mount. He was a member of the Ecclesiastical Congregations of the Propaganda, of the Propaganda for the Affairs of the Oriental Rite, of the Index, of Sacred Rites, and of Indulgences and Sacred Relics. He was Protector of the Church and Confraternity of St. Maria, in Camposanto of the Germans and Flemings. The funeral of the deceased prelate took place on the 16th inst. The body was taken from the Hungarian Germanic College to the neighboring parochial Church of St. Bernard aux Thermes. There the solemn funeral ceremonies took place, at which the Sacred College was well represented, as also the prelates and the members of the five Roman congregations to which the deceased Cardinal belonged. The Minister of Prussia to the Holy See, M. Von Bulow, was also present At the conclusion of the ceremony the ritual absolution was pronounced by Cardinal Oreglia di Santo Stefano, sub-dean of the Sacred College.

An interesting and also an attractive ceremony took place a few days ago at the Shrine of Regina Prophetarum, in the Church of St. George and the English Saints. The Cardinal Vicar was to have presided at the ceremonies, but was unavoidably absent, and his place was filled by Cardinal Gotti, one of the new Cardinals. The shrine and picture of Our Lady were blessed by this prelate in the presence of an immense throng of English and other foreigners. The picture is an excellent specimen of art, quite in keeping with the other surroundings, and is a copy from that in the Catacomb of St Priscilla. The students of the German College sang in a most enchanting strain the Gregorian chants. The unveiling of the picture was performed by the architect, Sig. Busiri, and the painter Sig. Gabellini. The shrine represents the arched niche in the Catacombs, where the original fresco was found, and the marble altar slab rests on rough hewn pillars of stone, such as formed the early Christian altars. Cardinal Gotti, besides wearing the insignia of a Cardinal, also wore the habit of the Carmelite Order, to which he belongs. Having been conducted to the throne before the high altar, the Rev. Father Pollen, S. J., preached the sermon from the text: "Every scribe instructed in the Kingdom of Heaven is like to a man that is a householder who bringeth forth out of his treasures new things and old." (St. Matt., xiii, 52.) He said: "We are met to-day to assist at the bringing forth of one more treasure from the storehouse of the Church—one more shrine opened for the veneration of the Holy and Immaculate Mother of God! Everywhere altars are raised in her honor; in our own land there is no church without some altar or shrine of Our Lady, but here in Rome, in every street, and, indeed, we may say on every wall, there is an image of her to whom we all turn in our joys and sorrows. But to-day we come to see the setting up of a treasure that is in a special sense old, and yet new. Old, in that it has existed for so many centuries; and new, in that to-day only is it brought forth and placed upon the altar of a church. Old, since it is the copy of a fresco found in the recesses of the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. You all know its history, and it is not necessary for me to go into the particulars of all that has been written about it. It is enough to say that it is the earliest representation of Our Lady and her Divine Son of which the date is absolutely certain, and proves the veneration of which she was the object in those early days of the Church. It is about 1700 years old, and is painted as the Christians were in the habit of painting, not with bright colors as now, not very beautifully, but to express their devotion to and their faith in the Blessed Mother. She is there with the Divine Infant, and over them is the star prophesied to arise out of Jacob, and which denotes the Divinity of the Incarnation. On the right side is a figure we have called Isaias, allegorically representing the long line of prophets who foretold the coming of Our Lord and His birth of a Virgin Mother. But the picture is also new, for it is now for the first time exposed for the veneration of the faithful, and that with the special desire of promoting by its means prayers for the conversion of England and of our race wherever they may be. It has received the hearty approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, to whom it was presented (here the father referred to the private audience granted to the Sisters on Dec. 7) His Holiness said: "We fully approve of this devotion," and when he heard of some converts who had been received here he expressed his pleasure, adding, "but I want all! tutti! tutti!" and afterward saying most tenderly, "Oh, England, England, when will you return to me?" He also granted 300 days' indulgence to all who should visit this picture (to which he assigned the title of "Regina Prophetarum," and pray before it for the conversion of England and the intentions of His Holiness. Let me, in conclusion, then, exhort you to come here frequently and pray for those of our country and race who as yet have not the faith. Deep-hidden in the catacombs it was when England was unknown, and our race only existed as a rough tribe in the North of Germany, it was yet destined to be reproduced and placed in this church as a source of grace for our nation. Our people are not lacking in goodness, in richness, in knowledge, in teachers, but they lack grace—the grace that prayer alone can win, for prayer can do all things. Come here, then, and pray for them. You may be sure Our Lady will not be wanting in her answers to your supplications." Mgr. Marvolini, master of ceremonies, then read from the altar the rescript granting the indulgence of 300 days daily on the usual conditions to all who should pray for the conversion of England at this shrine. Subsequently, his Eminence paid a visit to the community and expressed his pleasure at the beauty and harmony of the architectural surroundings. He gave the Sisters his blessing and many warm wishes that the new honor offered Our Lady that day might bring them great graces, and that the special protectress of their institute may be "Regina Prophetarum." Among those present were Mgr. Marzolini, Father Pollen, Vella, and Bonavenia, S. J., Mr A. G. Fullerton, and others. The first Mass was at once offered at the new altar for the conversion of England.

Don't Wait Til it is Too Late.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

There are some pictures too sad almost to look upon, and one of these is to see a wife and mother, who has laid her life down for her family, when slowly fading out of sight receiving at last the tenderness—the softened love tones of those most dear to her, for which she had hungered for many a long year. Still, better even so late than not at all, but do you not think with me, it is better to recognize our angels now? Will you not act on this suggestion? I met a beautiful woman the other day, said a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal recently, who reminded me of a time when, at a seaside resort, I gave a talk to young girls. This beautiful girl had just come to remain a week. I talked that day about our mothers, how much they were to us, for, of course, they could not always be with us, and how we should regret the little attentions we had missed giving them. This beautiful girl, as only child, took it all in; she said she could hardly wait for me to get through. She left on the next train for home, and startled her mother by her sudden return. Her mother exclaimed, "What is the matter?" "Oh, mamma," she said, I have come back to be attentive to you. You won't die, will you, till I am a perfect daughter?" Long after that I met that mother on a train and she said to me, "I always thought L—— was about as good as she could be, but from the day she returned from the sea that summer she was absolutely perfect." That mother has gone on and that daughter is a mother herself, and she has not to regret that she was not everything a daughter should be to a mother. There are too many daughters who act as if their mothers were their servants. I am not talking to mothers just now, or I should say, be careful! What some might call your unselfishness may ruin your daughter, and she, in return, may ruin others. Let your children have the benefit of the thought that they are to care for you, instead of you being made to care for them. You did care for them when they could not care for themselves, now let them care for you, and you be the strong angel mother to your children; and I hope your children will be the angels of your life, but angels down here need training. The angels in heaven are represented as doing the will of the Father—let us be as like them as possible, living glad, obedient, happy lives, and so make this earth more angelic!

A Methodist Minister's Praise

(Sacred Heart Review.)

The Rev. Mr. Halsey, a Methodist minister of Janesville, Wis., in a recent lecture at that place, spoke on the subject, "Why does the Catholic Church Win?" and the following portion of his remarks will enable the reader to judge of the general character of his address. "The first reason for the success of the Catholic Church is that she believes she is the true Church of Christ with a special divine mission to a world that is in bondage to the slavery of sin," said Mr. Halsey. "She holds to the doctrine of a supernatural revelation given to the world through inspired men for the purpose of teaching the plan of human redemption, how to escape the fearful consequences of sin in time and in eternity. The Catholic Church believes in the deity of Christ, in the guilt and peril of sin, in the necessity of hearty repentance and faith as the ground of forgiveness, Souls are exposed and must be rescued. Her services, her ordinances, her altars and sacraments, the ministration of her priests, her holydays and festivals, the very chimes of her bells tell the story of the sinfulness of the human heart and the necessity of forgiveness. Her organization gives her authority to command her people in all matters of faith and conduct. She stands first and supreme in every locality. She does not bow to the will of man or any number of men. Established services are not shoved off one side at everybody's request as of minor importance. Her organization enables her to give special attention to the work of training the children and youth of her fold to become zealous advocates of her doctrines and practices. In early life they are rooted and grounded in the faith. She rocks the cradle in every Catholic home and has a right to do so. She sings her Masses in the ear of the child until the soul catches the spirit of them. She puts her creeds into object lessons and thus, through the eye, touches the heart and inspires religious emotions which never die. Another reason for her succes is the intense loyalty of her people everywhere in every country, regardless of cost. They are in the Church, a part of the Church, and in the Church to stay until death takes them out of the world. Living and dying they are true to their profession. If they wander away they invariably retrace their steps and seek forgiveness. They are loyal to their system of doctrines. No one can be a Catholic without believing something without any effort at discount. Whoever tries to change the opinion of a son or daughter in the Church has a big job on hand and will doubtless find his head white before the work is finished. The speaker had yet to find a Catholic going about the streets criticising his Church finding fault with her doctrines or defaming the character of those who serve at her consecrated altars. Their loyalty in this respect is worthy of commendation. Surely it is not difficult to see in this fact one element of victory. Catholics are loyal to the services of their Church. A little foolish whim does not keep them from the sacraments and Masses, and in this they are right. They are a church-going people year in and year out. Through storm and sunshine, snow and sleet, they wend their way to the altars of their fathers, to the altars of their Church."

As an evidence of the great stream of conversion that, in England, flows in towards Rome, we read the following in a Catholic contemporary:—Bishop Whiteside, of Liverpool, Eng., speaking at the Guilds of Ransom meeting held in that city recently, said it was his duty to visit triennially all the churches in the diocese and administer Confirmation. During the past year he had visited one-half his diocese, and the returns to date showed that of the 16,000 confirmed 800 were converts. Since 1890 no fewer than 2,400 converts had been confirmed in the Diocese of Liverpool.

We are informed that a movement is on foot to erect a fitting memorial in the Church of St. Mary's, Moorfield, to the memory of the late Mgr. Gilbert. No more worthy priest ever walked the streets of the great metropolis. He was a personal friend of the late Cardinal Manning, and was looked upon as one of the grandest figures in the English Catholic ecclesiastical world. We have reason to know a great deal about Mgr. Gilbert, the poor of Spitalfields have still greater reason to remember his boundless charity and untiring zeal. He was truly for them the *Sacerdos Magnus*.—True Witness.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

CURES
DYSPEPSIA, BAD BLOOD, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS.

B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

BURDOCK PILLS act gently yet thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels

DR. WOOD'S

Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR
COUGHS AND COLDS
Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.
PRICE 25C. AND 50C. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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A Common Affliction
Permanently Cured by Taking
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A CAB-DRIVER'S STORY.

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by a friend who told me that I must purchase six bottles, and use them according to directions. I yielded to his persuasion, bought the six bottles, and took the contents of three of these bottles without noticing any direct benefit. Before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, and the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

Local and Special News.

IN THE BEGINNING

Of a new year, when the winter seasons of confinement is only half gone, many find that their health begins to break down, that the least exposure threatens sickness. It is then as well as at all other times, and with people even in good health, that the following facts should be remembered, viz: that Hood's Sarsaparilla leads everything in the way of medicines; that it accomplishes the gratest cures in the world; has the greatest sale in the world, and requires the largest building in the world devoted exclusively to the preparation of the proprietary medicine. Does not this conclusively prove, if you are sick, that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you to take?

MINARD'S LINIMENT for sale everywhere.

To make the hair grow a natural color, prevent baldness, and keep the scalp healthy, Hall's Hair Renewer was invented, and proved itself successful.

To remove worms of all kinds from children or adults Dr Low's Worm Syrup is a safe and sure remedy.

TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising Minard's Liniment will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Exposure to cold, damp winds, may result in pneumonia unless the system is kept invigorated with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sick headache and constipation are promptly cured by Burdock Pills. Easy to take sure in effect.

The blood-cleansing qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla render it invaluable in skin disorders.

A PROMINENT LAWYER SAYS:
"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

The best cough cure is Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It heals the lungs and cures coughs and colds.

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites combines the curative powers of Wild Cherry, Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil in perfectly palatable form. It is the best for coughs, colds and all lung trouble. Price 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

Minard's Liniment cures dandruff.

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Dyspepsia, biliousness, sour stomach, and constipation arise from wrong action of the stomach, liver and bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of these organs.

For Spasmodic Coughs—Minard's Honey Balsam.

A MERCHANT TESTIFIES.

Gentlemen,—I write to tell you how good I have found Hagyard's Yellow Oil for sore throat. In one family alone the Yellow Oil cured several bad cases, and my customers now recognize its great value. They seem to prefer it to all others.
C. D. CORMIER,
Wholesale and retail grocer,
Canaan Station, N. B.

THE BREATH OF THE PINES.

Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat and lung troubles are cured by Norway Pine Syrup. Price 25 and 50c. It breathes out the healing virtues of the pine forests.

Speakers, singers, and actors use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral; also, Ayer's Almanac.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

Gents,—I was in very poor health for over four years, the doctor said it was constipation. Not wanting to spend too much cash, I got three bottles of B. B. B., and took it regularly. I can certify that I am now in the very best of health and feel very grateful to B. B. B.
ALFRED TEROUX.

Minard's Liniment cures burns, etc.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Purifies, renovates, and regulates the entire system, thus curing dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache, biliousness, rheumatism, dropsy, and all diseases of the stomach, liver kidneys and bowels. It also removes all impurities from the system, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD

Is due to impure blood and cannot be cured with local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla, has cured hundreds of cases of catarrh because it purifies the blood and in this way removes the cause of the disease. It also builds up the system and prevents attacks of pneumonia, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

Hood's Pills become the favourite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25.

Norway Pine Syrup cures, coughs, colds, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25 and 50c.

AN EVIL FOLLOWER.

Consumption follows neglected colds. Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, asthma, sore throat, bronchitis and lung troubles. Price 25 and 50c.

BURDOCK PILLS
SUGAR COATED
A SURE CURE
FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

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Men's Felt Boots,
WATERPROOF.
These are a special quality made by us.
GOFF BROTHERS.

New Goods
Our New Goods
Are pouring in from Germany, Austria, France, England, Canada and the United States. More than ever our store this year will be "Santa Claus' Headquarters."
GEO. CARTER & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Chinaware,
TOYS AND WALL PAPERS.

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Then write us at once for quotations on all kinds of
Furniture!
We can furnish you from garret to cellar for Less Money than any other firm in the trade on P. E. Island.
JOHN NEWSON
June 12, 1895—6m

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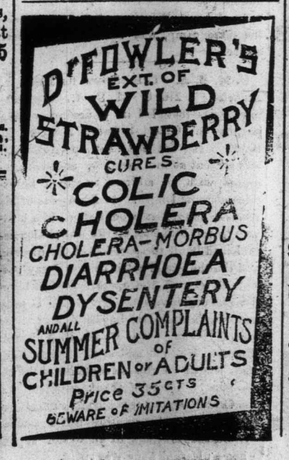
REMEMBER THE
OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE
when you want a pair of Shoes. Our Prices are the lowest in town.
A. E. McEACHEN,
THE SHOEMAN,
Queen Street.



MACHINE REPAIRS,
Sections, Knives, Rivets, etc.
Also, New Model Buckeye Mowers, Easy-dump Ethica Rake, Potato Scufflers, Hay Carriers, etc.
D. W. FINLAYSON,
H. T. LEPAGE'S OLD STAND
Charlottetown, P. E. I., July 17, 1895.

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E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES
IN THE LEAD SINCE 1851.

WHOLESALE!
Zinc,
Glass,
Bar Iron,
Cut Nails,
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Sleigh Shoe Steel,
Disston's Circular Saws,
Disston's Cross Cut Saws.
Agents for the Celebrated American Highland Ranges.
FENNELL & CHANDLER.
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They Must be Sold!
All our Coats,
All Reefers,
All Suits,
All Ulsters,
All Fur Capes,
All Fur Robes,
All Fur Goods.
This is a good opportunity to buy Goods, for when we say all Goods must be sold we mean it, and go they must.
Tell your friends and come yourselves.
Fur Robes worth $5.75 for $4.25. Fur Robes worth $7.75 for $6.00, and Fur Coats worth $16.00 for $12.00. Ulsters worth $7.50 for $5.00, and many such bargains will be found in our tremendous Stock.
PROWSE BROS.
The Wonderful Cheap Men.